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The leather used in making the Mayer Shoe is made in Milwaukee, the largest leather-producing city in the world. Being in the very midst of this great industry enables them to pick from the choicest product, and this is one of the reasons why the Mayer Shoe will outwear any other.

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The Wrangell Drug Co.

FOR SALE—A room house and one lot near the jail. For particulars inquire at this office. 7-11-31

Mining Location Notices kept in stock for sale at SENTINEL OFFICE.

Mrs. Chas. Hooker was visiting friends in town, last week.

N. J. Seindseth was in from Ideal Cove, the ice part of the week.

Mrs. A. K. Rostad went to Snow Bay, Saturday, to visit Mrs. L. M. Hofstad.

Tommy Dalgity is filling the responsible position of night watchman at the mill, and they say makes a good one.

R. Jeronish, the outside rustler for the Seattle P.-L., was in town a portion of the week in the interest of our big "city union."

Mr. Bruno Grief has had a good, substantial walk built up the hill to his farm. Ed Leudecke and Carl Hain have done the work.

The fire boys were out last Saturday testing the apparatus, and find that it works to perfection—or would if there was sufficient water in the reservoir that supplies the fire plugs.

Sam Cunningham and family were down to Anita Bay, last week, taking a most enjoyable outing. Sam's story of big trout taken by him makes some of professional anglers all-fired jealous.

Townsmen T. J. Case is now not only a grass-widower, but is enjoying bachelorhood in all his glory. His family left him Saturday evening, by the Dolphin, for Kasan, to visit relatives and for a few weeks' outing.

It is rather amusing to hear Al Osborne tell of the way in which four or five Wrangell boys got away from what they presumed to be a boarding house at Shakan, one day last week. The boys had just got to town after a cold ride from this place, were hungry, and applied at what they took from appearances to be a boarding house, but were charged to have the woman of the house appear at the door with a broom with which she whacked one of them over the head, and then grabbed a revolver, intent on doing the shooting act. Al says that, hungry as the boys were, they did not stand on the order of going, but fell over each other in their hurry to get away. Sentinel advises that next time they travel that way they take a cracker and sardine, and wait.

During the week Frank Waterbury has taken the inside of one of L. C. Patenaude's houses in out of the wet, by putting a new shingle roof on it.

Mrs. Thos. Dalgity and two boys arrived from below on the Humboldt, to join Mr. Dalgity, who has been here for several weeks past.

Freddie, Clarence and Tillie Lewis and Lena Fletcher, who have been attending school at Chemawa, Oregon, the past season, reached home on the City of Seattle to enjoy their vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cook, our clever laundryman and his estimable wife, have both been under the weather for some days past. But they kept pegging away, just the same.

The Challenge arrived in from Klauk at 5 a. m. Tuesday. Supt. Swift came with her. The run of fish at the points that usually supply the Klauk cannery, have been very poor so far this season.

Frank Dandy and Wm. Lloyd have torn down the old Nicholas Gough building on the north side of Front Street, and will erect on the site a new and commodious structure, in which will be opened up a new store. It will be at a good point for that purpose.

There has been some dispute as to the distance to Five Mile Island, some claiming more and some less. For the information of all we are enabled to state that by correct measurement it is just 4½ miles from town to the eastern side of the island.

There was a 4th of July aftermath in town last week. In a building out on the old Collins dock, lives a "Daisy." At times for some weeks past she has run a sort of a first-class bedlam, so much so that it annoyed the neighbors very much. In a drunken carousal the night of the 3rd or morning of the 4th, the racket became unbearable and Fred Campen had the "Daisy" brought into court to answer for the disturbance. She pleaded guilty and it cost her \$35.05. Then the "Daisy" was mad, and swore out a warrant against two young men from the West Coast. The young men were brought in, and pleading guilty to helping the "Daisy" disturb the peace, each paid a fine of \$10 and costs, amounting to about \$35 each. Then one of the young men was charged with assaulting the "Daisy" by throwing it out of bed, and for this he paid \$5 and costs—about \$22. So between the "Daisy" and bad booze a no small sum was added to Uncle Sam's exchequer.

The Humboldt was here Monday with a good consignment of freight and a large passenger list, among them Gov. Hoggatt. Three members of the P. C. & N. Pkg. Co. were on their way to Petersburg.

Harry Wallace has gone to Juneau, to attend the funeral of his nephew, John, son of J. F. Maloney, whose death occurred recently.

It is rumored that J. H. Wheeler has bought the J. F. Collins wharf property, and will improve it.

By virtue of a new postoffice regulation that went into effect today, says the Juneau Dispatch of July 12th, the special delivery stamp, with its familiar but unnatural picture of a fleet-footed messenger boy on the run, is relegated to the list of obsolete institutions, useful in their day but now no longer needed.

From this date it will no longer be necessary to buy a special delivery stamp to insure special delivery. Ten cents in stamps of any denomination in addition to the ordinary postage is all that will be necessary to insure the transmission of letters and packages for special delivery. The change is made for the convenience of the public. Persons desirous of mailing a special delivery letter often-times found it impossible to buy the special delivery stamps at stores and other places where the ordinary stamps were on sale, and hence were obliged to go out of their way to the postoffice or sub-station.

The United States prosecuted Dr. H. C. DeVigne last week, through the investigation of Mrs. M. B. Peterson, of Shakan, on a charge of furnishing liquor to an Indian, but a jury of twelve men said the doctor was not guilty. A half-breed patient at Shakan sent an order for medicine over to the doctor on the 4th, by an Indian woman. Whiskey was prescribed and given in trust to the woman to deliver to the patient. Mrs. Peterson who roomed at the hotel with the Native, got hold of the bottle, took it to commissioner Slane, made complaint, and a warrant was issued. But the jury decided that a doctor had a right to prescribe any medicine that he thought would be beneficial to a patient, to Indians as well as whites.

At the July meeting of Alert Fire Co. No. 1, July 10th, the following officers were chosen: A. V. R. Snyder, president; J. G. Grant, vice-president; Geo. C. L. Snyder, secretary; J. G. Grant, treasurer and foreman; E. J. Prescott, 1st assistant foreman; Frank Farrer, 2d assistant foreman.

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OF INTEREST TO READERS

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE.—
Washington, June 24, 1907
To ex-officio Recorders,
District of Alaska,

Attention is invited to the act of March 2, 1907, quoted below:
"An act to amend the laws governing labor or improvements upon mining claims in Alaska."

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in congress assembled:

That during each year and until patent has been issued therefor, at least one hundred dollars' worth of labor shall be performed or improvement made on, or for the benefit or development of, in accordance with existing law, each mining claim in the district of Alaska heretofore or hereafter located. And the locator or owner of such claim, or some other person having knowledge of the facts may also make and file with the recorder of the district in which the claims shall be situated, an affidavit showing the performance of labor or making of improvements to the amount of one hundred dollars as aforesaid and specifying the character and extent of such work. Such affidavit shall set forth the following:

First, the name or number of the mining claims and where situated.

Second, the number of days work done and the character and value of the improvements placed thereon.

Third, the date of the performance of such labor and of making improvements.

Fourth, at whose instance the work was done or the improvements made.

Fifth, the actual amount paid for work and improvement, and by whom paid when the same was not done by the owner.

Such affidavit shall be prima facie evidence of the performance of such work or making of such improvements, but if such affidavits be not filed within the time fixed by this Act the burden of proof shall be upon the claimant to establish the performance of such annual work and improvements. And upon the failure of the locator or owner of any such claim to comply with the provisions of this Act, as to performance of work and improvements, such claim shall become forfeited and open to location by others as if no location of the same had ever been made. The affidavits required hereby may be made before any officer authorized to administer oaths, and the provisions of sections fifty-three hundred and ninety-two and fifty-three hundred and ninety-three of the Revised Statutes are hereby extended to such affidavits. Said affidavits shall be filed not later than ninety days after the close of the year in which such work is performed.

Sec. 2: That the recorders of the several divisions or districts of Alaska shall collect the sum of one dollar and fifty cents as a fee for the filing, recording, and indexing said annual proofs of work and improvements for each claim so recorded."

Approved March 2, 1907.

Special attention is called to Section 2, which requires recorders in Alaska to collect the sum of \$1.50 as a fee for the filing, recording and indexing of each annual proof of work and improvements for each claim so recorded.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
Attorney General.

FRIGATFUL ACCIDENT.

Ketchikan, Thursday, July 11. Four men were torn to atoms by the blowing up of the barge Japan, loaded with dynamite, last night. The barge belonged to the Brown-Alaska Company, of Haldley. It was in tow of the tug Marion at the time of the accident. The explosive was being taken to the property of the Brown-Alaska Company. About eight o'clock, as the convoy was off of Bold Island, twelve miles south of here, the concussion occurred. Three members of the Japan's crew were torn to fragments and the parts of their shattered bodies were hurled into the sea. One of the Marion's men was killed by a piece of the wrecked barge, which struck him. Little remains of the dynamite barge to tell the tale. The names of those killed were G. A. McNeill, George Tracy, Ernest Strand, and a man known as "Scotty."

The "humpies" have begun to put in an appearance, and superintendent Rounsell, of the Ketchikan cannery, expresses the opinion that the run will be a large one. He is not at all perturbed over the small number of fish thus far secured, but on the other hand is confident of achieving a full pack, tho' the proportion of reds may not be as large as he had hoped for.—Miner.

Deputy Marshal Grant and his son Brigham spent Sunday on Mill Creek, angling for trout. Brigham is a genuine sporty fly fisherman, never using bait, catches 'em right along, which makes his father a trifle jealous.

Rev. Corser united in marriage John Kassunk and Louise Stuten, last Sunday, 14th.

Oliver Twist (Native) died Saturday and was buried Sunday.

THE CITY STORE

Donald Sinclair, Proprietor

Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes,
Dry Goods, Hardware, Paints,
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Odd Jobs on Short Notice

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LUDECKE'S FLAG FIRST

Following is part of a self explanatory communication from the publicity department of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition:

In what place is the American banner that first fluttered over Alaska now resting? In what manner has the flag been preserved to the present time? And finally, what is the real story of that stirring October day at Sitka, when the American warship arrived to take possession of the country, and when the Russian flag was rent in two pieces as they pulled it down for the last time in the Western hemisphere, while the beautiful Russian Princess Makovskoff wept at the short-sightedness of her country at selling a land with so much potential greatness.

A few months ago the management of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition started to solve these questions, especially the first one as to the whereabouts of the flag. The result was curious, and indeed reminds one so forcibly of a famous incident of the eighteenth century, that perhaps the story may be told:

John Baxter, in his day a famous divine, died with so many expressions of hope and belief, that his heirs determined to issue the story. The book, "The Last Words of John Baxter" was issued, and was an immediate success. Money rolled in. The heirs became greedy, and hoping to duplicate the success, issued another book, "More Last Words of John Baxter."

It was so with the flag. No sooner had a search begun for the first American flag unfurled in the northland than the enquirers began to be daily informed of where the "real first flag" was to be found. Everyone that had a flag thirty-five or forty years old seemed to be determined to advance his claim as the original one. Many and ingenious were the stories told, and bitterly did some of the contestants wage war for the legitimacy of the particular flag in which they were interested. True, many of these ancient American banners had most interesting histories, but histories not pertaining to the point at issue.

After sifting the matter out, the exposition management believes that the original thirty-six-starred banner to float above the Russian barracks at Sitka is one of three which are in different parts of the United States for safe keeping. The history of each of these three flags is well authenticated, and later the one desired will be obtained by the exposition to be used at the opening ceremonies.

One flag, the property of Edward Leudecke of Wrangell, has a strong claim to being the original. It now reposes in the vaults of the Dexter Horton Bank in Seattle. The story is that the body of American soldiers that left San Francisco in the autumn of 1867 for Sitka to take possession of the country, proceeded by the inside channel and touched first at Wrangell. At that point there were living a few Americans engaged in pioneer work. One of these was Edward Leudecke, who after forty years, is still a resident of Wrangell. Leudecke, when the Russian flag was pulled down and the American flag raised before the barracks and in the presence of a detachment of both Russian and American troops.

The flag of Leudecke floated until the news of the admission of Nebraska to the Union was announced, and then the flag with thirty-six stars was pulled down and another one with thirty-seven stars was raised in its place. Leudecke, however, clung carefully to his flag and in 1905 turned it over to G. B. Rodman, an attorney of Wrangell, who sent it on to its present destination for safe keeping.

Leudecke is now seventy-two years of age and is strong and hearty. He remembers perfectly the first arrival of the American troops in the north and the amazement and joy of the few Americans there on being told that Alaska had been purchased from the Russians.

Of course, this flag of Leudecke's can not be the official one, as it was flown at Wrangell. Nevertheless, it would seem as if it has a strong claim to be the first American flag ever flown in the northland.

Foreman Grant, of the fire company, requests Sentinel to state that those fire buckets are sacred property and are not to be taken away from the stations by any person except in case of fire. They have been taken away from the fire house, and their immediate return is requested.

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WE ALWAYS NEED THE MONEY. TRY US

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Will leave Wrangell, Alaska, for Telegraph Creek, B. C., and way points along the Stikine River, on or about

MAY 20, 1907

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Wrangell, Alaska

Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

WRANGEL.....ALASKA.

Secretary Wilson can always look to the fertile fields and find something to be optimistic over.

Mr. Rockefeller has been making his will. We trust that he bequeathed the earth to the people who reside on it.

The increased cost of telegraph messages will make the average woman more afraid than ever to open one of them.

The author of "Florodora" is dead, but the original sextet will be making rich and racy reading matter years from now.

It may interest the man who has to re-light his cigar every thirty seconds to learn that the match trust cleared \$300,000 last year.

The scientific name of the green bug that threatens the wheat crop is toxoptera graminum. Take it home and try it on your graphophone.

When the average man reads in the stock market column of the paper the statement that "money is easy," he can't help feeling that it must be a misprint.

Those who pretend to know say that only 9 per cent of the kisses are laden with disease germs. Who wouldn't take a chance under such circumstances?

A Cleveland woman is suing for divorce because her husband won't let her read the newspapers. Why doesn't she compromise by letting him tear out the baseball page?

Tom Lawson is said to have made \$2,500,000 the other day by not buying a copper mine. We refrain from buying copper mines every day in the year without gaining anything by it.

Mexico has been badly shaken by an earthquake, but luckily it does not appear that the people down there are going to need any help in the way of money which may be pocketed by grafters.

A Boston newspaper recently contained the following headline: "Eye and Juice Boards After Knowledge Box Trimmings." If that doesn't remove your doubts about Boston's intellectual superiority, nothing ever will.

The worst feature of the advance in telegraph rates is that the good news and the bad news will continue to cost the same. A private telegram telling about a slump in stocks will cost the same as the announcement of the death of a rich uncle.

Consternation was caused all over the English-speaking world not long ago by the report that the Valparaiso earthquake had destroyed Juan Fernandez, Robinson Crusoe's island. The terrible rumor has been denied authoritatively by the secretary of the Royal Geographical Society.

Mothers and other humane persons will agree with the remarks of a lecturer in the Harvard Medical School, who said the other day, in speaking of the persons who had asked him whether it is worth while to save the lives of diseased babies, "I reply that no baby ought to die. It is the brain which, after all, does the work, better or less well, according to the physical development. We cannot judge beforehand at birth what the individual may become later."

This sacrosanct attitude of the minister no longer goes with the people. The man who adopts it is as far behind his time as if he wrote his sermon with a quill pen and dried the ink on it with sand. The successful clergyman no longer lives in his pulpit and meets his people solely at the Friday evening prayer meeting. He comes down from his pedestal and mingles with men. If they find he is of the same clay with themselves, if he has had human experiences himself and has been made wiser and broader and more tolerant by the evil and the suffering with which his calling naturally brings him into contact, they put a high value on his words, quite as much from the fact that he is an every-day man as that he has "reverend" before his name.

The migration of Japanese to Korea is said to be going on at the rate of 2,000 or 2,500 a month. The islanders who cross the strait to the peninsula are men of the kind who would be most useful to Japan in case of trouble with the Koreans. They are making their impress, deep and strong, upon the less advanced and feebler people among whom they live. Meanwhile the Japanese projects which deal with the fortification of strategic garrison points in Korea and the gridironing of the country with railroads and military highways go forward steadily. Every such extension of Japanese power and sovereignty means another step toward the time when Japan will be prepared to announce and enforce, as to eastern Asia, a sort of new Monroe doctrine—Asia for the Asiatics.

That physical fatigue is not necessarily a cure for mental fatigue is the conclusion which is gradually being reached by a good many people who

used to hold the affirmative of the proposition. So learned and weighty a body as the British Association for the Advancement of Science is now disposed to admit that a man is not likely to recuperate his brain by overworking his muscles. This looks like enlightenment. In England and to a smaller extent in this country the doctrine has been preached and pretty generally accepted that a man who is fagged out mentally ought to fag himself out physically as a means of recuperation. The proposition has not been put in that form, but that has been the purport of it. Are you mentally played out? Go and tire yourself out physically by rowing a boat or riding a bicycle or playing tennis or even by sawing wood. This has been the formula. There is a homeopathic flavor to it. Yet Hahnemann never intended the theory of similia similibus curantur to apply to such a matter. It is doubtful whether the physical culturists themselves did either. In truth the gospel of exercise for the sake of exercise is the result of a misapprehension by those who preach it. So long as exercise is recreation it is a remedy for mental fatigue. The moment that it becomes work that moment it aggravates instead of relieving the strain upon the brain. Exercise enthusiasts saw that in certain cases athletic sports benefited weary brain workers, and they jumped at the conclusion that it was the physical activity that caused the good results. In truth it was not the exercise (except in a small degree) but the sense of recreation, the entire change of occupation, that did the work. It was taking the mind from one task and putting it at another and easier one that gave relief. And that is the secret of all true recreation. A man may divert himself by diverting his thoughts into new channels. The lawyer may take his recreation in collecting butterflies, the banker may take his in playing pounce, the physician may go in for amateur theatricals. In all three cases the result will be better than if the lawyer and the doctor and the banker, having no taste for athletics, go to a gymnasium and doggedly put in a certain time every day tiring out their muscles. Tiring the muscles does not rest the brain. The British association manifests wisdom in repudiating the exercise fetish. Exercise in moderation and in its proper place is a good thing. But exhaustion never cured exhaustion.

STUDIES LOBSTER'S HABITS.

Difficulty French Professor Had to Secure Some Sea Water.

A distinguished French scientist, a professor in a Paris university, who was studying the habits of the lobster, decided that inasmuch as the habitat of the lobster was the salt water of the ocean it would be necessary to get some sea water for proper experimentation. Sea water, a few barrels of old ocean, was required, but in France, where all things are beneficially regulated by a paternal and solicitous government, it was necessary to get the permission of the minister of finance—or, as we should say, the federal treasury department—to transport sea water from the ocean to the interior. For is not the sea salty and is not the production of salt a source of revenue and might not the professor wish to extract two teaspoonfuls of salt?

The application went to the ministry, where a subordinate official was charged with the duty of looking into the standing of the petitioner. There was a voluminous correspondence on the subject. The petition was referred to many bureaus and finally with a favorable recommendation to the chief of the department, who instantly resolved that it would be necessary to inquire why the professor wished to transport sea water.

Weeks passed and another inspector made a favorable report. The petitioner received a tremendous report elaborately swathed in red tape and incidentally official extracts from that part of the penal code relating to the salt monopoly. After months of waiting the professor was empowered to fill several casks with sea water at a particular point where another official issued to him a permit for the transportation of the water into the interior of France.

Lobsters are so called because of their awkwardness, stupidity, ineptitude, slowness.

Queer Legend of Indians.

The Seminole Indians believed that when the Great Spirit created this world he made three men, all fair of skin. He led them to a lake and bade them jump in. The first obeyed and came out whiter than when he entered the water; the second hesitated, going into the lake when the water was a trifle muddy, hence came out copper colored; the third leaped in last and came out black.

According to the legend the Great Spirit then led them to three bundles, asking each to choose one. The black man chose the heaviest, which was found to contain spades, hoes and other implements used in the performance of manual labor; the second found in his sack a fishing rod, a gun and warlike weapons; the white man chose the sack which contained pen, ink and paper, and this, so the story goes, laid the foundation for his superiority over other races.—Kansas City Journal.

Wise Girl.

"Why did you turn him down?" "He said if I would marry him he would never go away and leave me alone."—Houston Post.

People abuse a stingy man; but they abuse a shiftless man worse.

WHEN SHADOWS FELL.

I did not know nor understand Until, when twilight shadows fell, What meant the pressure of her hand. Nor did I know how sweet the spell When I, world-weary, racked with pain, Felt fingers weave above my brain.

Her songs—I dare not dream them hushed— But yesterday I heard them sung. Bleak the path where roses blushed, And tender morning-glories hung. I did not know her rainbow world Until the shadows were unfurled.

I did not know the arching skies Could be so dreary and defiled— I did not know her tender eyes Poured forth such sunlight when they smiled. These things—her whims—so sweet to tell, All came too late, when shadows fell.

The Robbery on The Valley Pike

It was early on a summer morning. Father and I, with Joel Pierce, the hired man, were in the barn-yard, preparing for the day's work, when old Deacon Hamilton drove up the lane. Deacon Hamilton lived in Clayville, eight miles distant, and was the father of Ben Hamilton, Clayville's only blacksmith.

The deacon stopped at the gate. "Good morning, Mr. Norcross," he said, addressing my father. "I'm just on my way up to Hocom's mill, and I promised son I'd stop here and give you a message from him. He says if that offer you made him last Thursday still holds good, he'll take the roan colt, and pay spot cash for it. He says he wants it right away, and would like you to send it down this morning." Good day!" Jerking the lines, the deacon drove on.

Joel and I, having oiled all four wheels of the large hay wagon, started toward the barn; but just as I reached the door, father called me back.

"Tom," said he, "Joel and I will more than have our hands full to-day with the extra work, so neither of us can spare time to go down to Clayville. But I need that eighty dollars. Now do you think you could take the colt down to Clayville without breaking your neck, and bring back the eighty dollars without losing it all on the way?"

"Oh, yes, father, yes!" I cried, eagerly. "Let me do it! I can take the colt down as safely as you or Joel could. And you needn't be afraid of my losing the money. I'll look out for that."

After a moment's reflection, father said, "Well, put the saddle and bridle on the colt, and bring it out."

I had never been permitted to ride the colt before, so I hailed this unexpected opportunity with delight. It was eight miles to Clayville, just the right distance for a pleasant morning's ride. And the walk home was as nothing to me. Then, too, this prospective mission had in it an element of importance—the sum of money with which I was to be entrusted.

In less than four minutes I had saddled and bridled the colt, and had led it down to the gate, where father was awaiting me.

"Now, Tom," said father, after looking the colt over, "you can leave the saddle and bridle at Hamilton's, and we'll get them the next time we drive to town."

He paused for a moment, and then proceeded to give me instructions about the eighty dollars that I was to bring home. I was to put this in father's leather wallet, tie the wallet securely at the top, and place it in the inside pocket of my roundabout.

Ten minutes later I rode the colt out through the barn-yard gate, and down the lane to the pike.

Out on the broad, smooth pike, the colt, with but little urging, started off at an easy, swinging gallop. The air was cool and crisp; the grass at the roadside sparkled with dew, and up in the treetops the birds were singing their sweetest songs.

The clock on the court house was striking eight as I arrived in Clayville and rode down Main street, upon which, a block beyond the court house, is situated the village smithy.

When I rode in through the doorway of the smithy, and slipped down from the saddle, flushed and warm from my ride, Hamilton was sitting a shoe to one of the most magnificent horses that I have ever seen. With the single exception of a white star on its forehead, the horse was entirely black, its glossy coat resembling the finest black satin. It continually tossed its head, arching its pretty neck, and fluttering its thick black mane; and I could not but notice how plain and ugly our poor roan colt looked in comparison.

Hamilton looked up and nodded as I entered, but immediately gave his attention to the black horse. "How would you like to trade, bub?" said a voice behind me. Turning, I discovered a man whom I had not noticed before, seated upon a nail-keg near the door.

"Is that your horse?" I inquired, as, having made the colt's bridle fast to a post, I seated myself upon another overturned keg near the stranger.

"Yes," he replied, smiling, "that is my horse."

Two older; he was short and stout, and had a round face, which was smooth-shaven and very red. And his eyes, very little and very round, twinkled merrily, like two little green beads. "Have you come far this morning?" he asked.

I replied that I had come from my home, eight miles up the pike. "You've brought your horse down to be shod, have you?" was his next query.

"No, sir," I said, "he doesn't need to be shod. I have brought him down to sell. Mr. Hamilton is going to buy him."

During the next few minutes the stranger sat silent, blinking at the back of the shop, where his horse was occupying Hamilton's attention. Then suddenly turning, he said, "Are you in a hurry?"

On my replying that I was in a hurry, being needed at home, he told Hamilton to attend to me and let his own horse wait. I considered this very kind and thanked him.

Hamilton thrust a half-finished horseshoe back among the glowing embers, worked the bellows several times, and then came over to where the colt was tied. He untied it, and led it once or twice round the shop, carefully watching its every movement, and then tied it again.

"I know the critter well enough," he said. "Now, sonny, did your pa say whether I was to give you the money for the colt?"

"Yes, sir," I replied. "He said you were to give me the eighty dollars, and he gave me this to put it in." I showed him the wallet.

Hamilton reached into his pocket, under his big leather apron, and brought out seven ten dollar bills, and two five dollar bills, which he had smoothed out and carefully counted into my hands. After I had stowed them safely in the wallet, he handed me a soiled piece of paper and a pencil, saying, "Give me a receipt, please." And I saw him wink across my shoulder

ON AND ON WE GALLOPED.

der at the stranger, who was probably an interested spectator.

I had never written a receipt, but I had an idea of how it should be done; so, ignoring Hamilton's wink, I held the paper up against the wall and scrawled upon it with the pencil.

Mr. Hamilton gave me eighty dollars for the roan colt. Yours truly, Thomas Norcross.

I have since learned that etiquette does not require the use of the words "yours truly" in signing a receipt; also, that a flourish under one's signature adds nothing to its value. But I was young then, and I wanted to be polite.

After an affectionate farewell to the colt, I told Hamilton to keep the saddle and bridle until we drove to town the next time; and then, nodding to him and the stranger, and with one last look at the latter's beautiful horse, I departed.

In less than ten minutes I had left Clayville behind me, and was walking homeward along the dusty pike.

At first I grumbled considerably to myself at the unkind fate that compelled me, on so warm a day, to wear a roundabout; but by the exercise of my ever-ready philosophy, I consoled myself with thinking how much worse it would have been had I been compelled to wear shoes and stockings.

This cheered me to some extent, so I skipped along very merrily, stopping every few rods to assure myself that the wallet was still safe in my pocket.

I was about half-way home when I heard behind me, far down the pike, the sound of a galloping horse.

For a while I paid no attention to this; but finally, when it had almost overtaken me, I turned, and discovered my friend, the stranger. I halted in order to have another look at the black horse when it should pass.

The stranger galloped past, and as he did so, nodded pleasantly; but just as I was about to resume my way, he suddenly wheeled round in front of me and stopped. I supposed that his reason for stopping was to invite me to ride. But I was sadly mistaken.

"Bub," he said, still smiling, "give me that money! Quick!"

For a moment I was dumb with astonishment; then recovering my speech, I blurted out, "W-w-what?"

"I say, give me that money! And be quick about it!" The stranger leaped to the ground, and leading his horse, advanced toward me threateningly.

That the man was a robber, and that he was in earnest, I had no doubt. My first thought was to run; but how could I, feet-footed as I was, hope to outrun that magnificent black horse? The next moment a brighter thought struck me. To my left, across the road, were fields of wheat; and to the right, beginning at the roadside, not more than three feet distant, was a dense forest. I thought very rapidly.

The stranger, now advancing a few steps, repeated his demand: "Give me that money!" And his little green,

beadlike eyes twinkled most unpleasantly.

Taking the wallet from my pocket, I held it out toward him. "Here it is," I said, bitterly.

He stepped forward to take it when, with a quick, outward jerk of my hand, I flung the wallet far back among the trees at the roadside.

"You little scamp!" said the robber, the smile now gone from his face. "Why did you do that?"

"I don't know," I replied, astonished at my own audacity, "unless it was because I wanted to."

He led his horse to the edge of the wood, and tried to tie the bridle round one of the trees. But the girth of the tree was too great, as, indeed was that of every tree in sight. He glanced about in a vain search for something to which he might hitch his horse. But although he was unsuccessful in this, he had gained one point; he had placed himself and his horse between me and the thicket in which I had flung the wallet.

Bub, he said, suddenly turning, his features again lighted by that pleasantest of smiles, "let's be reasonable!"

I made no reply, but waited to hear what he had to say.

"Now," he continued, "I can't trust you to go into the woods to look for the purse, because if you found it you wouldn't come back. And I can't go myself, because there is no place here to tie my horse. But I'll tell you what I will do. If you will hold the horse for me, and not let it go, nor attempt to play any tricks on me, I'll go and find the purse, and divide the money with you. You know it will be much better to go home with forty dollars than with nothing."

This seemed very reasonable, because for the moment I saw before me no choice except that between losing all the money and losing only half.

I preferred losing only half. So I stepped over to where the robber stood. "All right," I said, grasping the bridle. "I'll hold the horse."

The robber, with the parting injunction, "Now remember what I said!" plunged into the thicket.

Looking up the pike now, I saw at a glance the explanation of his hasty terms; for there, not more than a quarter of a mile distant, came a farm wagon drawn by two gray horses. Evidently having seen this only a moment before, and believing that he had but a few brief minutes, in which to consummate his robbery, he had resorted to this daring scheme in sheer desperation.

For a minute or two I could hear the man thrashing around in the tangled brush; and then, apparently surmising that the wallet had fallen at a point some distance back, he pushed farther into the forest and I could hear him no longer.

The farm wagon was rumbling along toward me at a snail's pace. I knew that it would be useless for me to cry for help while the farmer was at that distance; for even if I could make my voice heard, the robber in his wrath might do me bodily injury—perhaps kill me—and escape before the farmer could possibly arrive. So I stood there, my hands trembling, and prayed in an incoherent way that the robber might be delayed until the farmer was near enough to render me some assistance.

Nearer and nearer the wagon came. I could almost distinguish the features of the farmer's face, and could hear quite plainly his cries of "Ged dep!" and "G'lang!"

For one brief moment I indulged in the illusions of hope, and then my heart sank within me deeper than ever as I saw the team turn into a by-road and disappear.

In a second I had determined upon a wild dash. With difficulty getting my left foot into the stirrup, I swung myself across the saddle. Hardly had I seated myself when the horse started off. And the next minutes we were galloping madly up the pike.

Suddenly I heard far behind me a loud cry; and glancing hastily over my shoulder, I saw the robber come running out of the woods, wildly waving his arms and shaking his fist at us.

I paid no attention to him; nor did the horse heed his late master's vociferous "whoas."

On we galloped. I did not sing now. I have a faint recollection of passing several men and boys during that ride, one or two of whom, I believe, called after me. But who they were or what they said to me, I do not know.

On and on we galloped. We passed the old blasted oak at the corner of Watson's corn-field, and ascended the slight rise in the pike known as Bender's Knoll. And then my heart gave a great bound as I saw, through a gap in the hills before me, the end of our big red barn, and a little farther off, the brown, unpainted roof of the farmhouse.

A few moments later I rode in through the barn-yard gate; and, after tying the horse to the fence, I hastened over into the fields to convey to father and Joel my momentous news. Again and again I asked myself: "What will father say?"

Once or twice I was on the point of rushing back to the house to tell my story to mother; for I knew that she would comfort me, and if necessary, intercede on my behalf. But I was near to the place where father and Joel were working; and a voice within me seemed to whisper, "Don't be a coward, Tom Norcross!" So I hurried on.

"Well, Tom," said father, as I came up, "did you bring the money with you?"

"I started home with it, pa," I said,

"but, pa, I—I—I—was—I was—robbed!"

"What?" said father, straightening himself with a jerk.

"So!" said Joel, incredulously. "I want to know!"

"Tom, do you mean to say that you were robbed on your way up from Clayville?" said father.

For reply I told my story from beginning to end. "Now, pa, it wasn't my fault, was it?" I asked.

"No, Tom," said father. "I don't think it was your fault; but—let's go and take a look at that horse."

I ran ahead of father and Joel, and by the time they reached the barn-yard gate I had led the horse down to meet them.

Father carefully looked the horse over, searched in vain for spavin or ringbone, and forced its mouth open to examine its teeth.

"Here, Joel," he said, "lead him up and down once or twice."

Joel led the horse up and down the yard several times, while father, standing at a little distance, eyed it critically.

Finally father turned to me.

"Tom," said he, "this horse is worth a great deal more than eighty dollars. It is very doubtful if the scamp who robbed you actually owns the animal. If he does, he will never come to claim it. But it is probable that it belongs to some one else, and if that is so we must seek the owner."

We sought the owner in vain. We advertised the horse five successive weeks in the Exeter County Sentinel, and tacked up a notice in the Clayville postoffice. But we received no reply. The robber himself was never again seen in this part of the country.

One day several weeks later, while passing the scene of the robbery, I was impelled by curiosity to explore the ground among the trees at the roadside. I did so; and to my astonishment I found, lodged in the unweaved roots of a large oak, father's wallet. The robber had not found it!

There certainly was a robbery on the Valley Pike; but who was robbed, and by whom was the robbery committed? Many years have passed since then, and I am no longer a boy of 15. But to this day my conscience is decidedly uneasy on the subject of the robbery on the Valley Pike.—Youth's Companion.

FISH THAT ARE CANNIBALS.

Can Swallow Other Fishes that Are Many Times Their Bulk.

The waters adjacent to the coasts of the United States contain some of the most extraordinary fishes to be found anywhere in the world.

There is a fish able and willing to swallow whole other fishes which are from six to twelve times its superior in bulk. This fish inhabits the deep sea, living, it is supposed, at a depth of 1,500 fathoms.

In the latter half of the last century three specimens—one of them being now in the national museum—of chlamodon niger, or black swallower, the species referred to, were found, in each instance with a fish from six to twelve times bulkier than itself in its stomach.

This fish has an elongated body of nearly uniform thickness to within a short distance of the tail, into which it tapers slightly. Such is its appearance when hungry.

As it swims around in the somber deep it espies a fish many times larger than itself. Daring upon its prey, it seizes it by the tail and slowly but surely climbs over it with its jaws, first using one and then the other.

Gradually the prey is taken in, the stomach and integuments of the swallower stretching out, and at last the entire fish is passed through the mouth and into the stomach and the distended belly appears as a great bag, projecting far out backward and forward, over which is the swallower, looking very small in comparison.

The walls of the stomach and belly become so stretched they are transparent and the species of the fish within can be discerned. But in swallowing such large prey the captor sometimes overdoes the matter and retribution follows swiftly in the shape of acute indigestion, which causes its death.

The Invention of Armor.

The idea of the invention of armor for the protection of the body from weapons came from the ancients, who, noticing the natural armor of various kinds of animals, particularly the armadillo, imitated it.

In early times before metal was used in armor making the warriors used rough hides to several thicknesses, and the first armor ever worn was made from slices taken from the hoofs of horses and fastened together with pegs. Fish scales and the scales of large snakes were also gathered and fastened together until they formed a thick layer and were used as armor.

The armor of the Middle Ages was a continuation of the ancient kind, made in the form of scales of iron or steel. Certain kinds of mail used in early times in England were copied from the shells of crabs and lobsters.

Quickly Supplied.

There have been many strange things in English history. One of the most curious was recently mentioned by a little schoolgirl.

"The hydra," said this much-informed young person, "was married to Henry the Eighth. When he cut her head off, another one sprang right up."

If you are not a pugilist, or a soldier, about all a reputation as a fighter will get you is trouble.

Some people practice self-denial in order to have something to brag about.



It is estimated that Mexico will produce 50 per cent more copper this year than in any previous year.

In the crater of an extinct volcano in Kentucky a diamond reef has been discovered by some Johannesburg prospectors.

The canal across Cape Cod will be constructed under the joint supervision of the railroad commission and the harbor and land commission of Massachusetts.

Among the new buildings being erected off Shameson, in Canton, where the recent fire occurred, are some four-story buildings, and the lofty character of the buildings generally is in strong contrast with their surroundings.

Light green jade is the favorite gem of China, and it is difficult to get the stone in uncut form even in China. Sometimes, says Consul General Wilder at Hongkong, a rich Chinaman's estate will consist, in part, of a lump of jade. Sometimes it can be obtained in masses weighing one or two pounds. But even the leading jewelers of Hongkong usually obtain it in cut form.

One of the animal curiosities of South America is the "oil-bird," or guano. It breeds in rocky caves on the mainland, and one of its favorite haunts is the island of Trinidad. It lays its eggs in a nest made of mud, and the young birds are prodigiously fat. The natives melt the fat down in clay pots, and produce from it a kind of butter. The caves inhabited by the birds are usually accessible only from the sea, and the hunting of them is sometimes an exciting sport.

The great cataract in the New River, formed in the Imperial Valley, California, by the escape of the waters of the Colorado River, has been likened to Niagara Falls. It varies from 90 to 100 feet in height, and is from 1,500 to 1,800 yards broad. It likewise resembles Niagara in eating backward, or up-stream, but its progress in this direction is extremely rapid, amounting to about one-third of a mile per day. This arises from the fact that the channel of the stream is cut through the fragile material deposited centuries ago by the Colorado River at the head of the Gulf of California. It is predicted that if the escape of the waters of the Colorado is not arrested before the cataract has cut back far enough to unite the New River and the Alamo River, the Imperial Valley will be entirely deprived of its irrigation streams. This cataract may be called "man-made," since its existence is due to his interference with the waters of the Colorado.

GREAT PARSEE PHILANTHROPIST

Parsee and philanthropist are almost convertible terms, in Bombay at least. The late Sir Dinshaw Manockjee Petit, who received the second and last baronetcy conferred on any native of India, was the greatest benefactor of his race and city in his generation, and



MR. BOMANJEE DINSHAW PETIT.

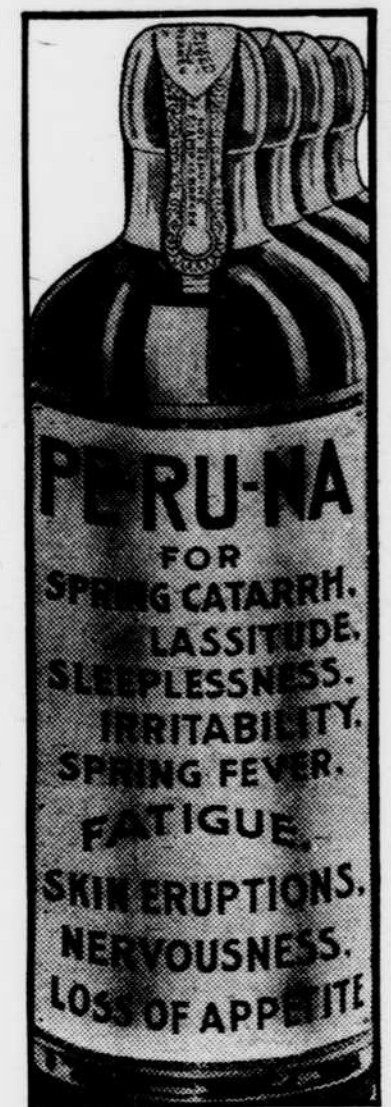
his only surviving son, Mr. Bomanjee Dinshaw Petit, has carried on the family tradition with great credit. The surname of Petit is derived from the French. Over a century ago Mr. Bomanjee's ancestor was agent to a French firm, and being of short stature received the nickname of "le petit," which has been handed down ever since as the surname of this family. Mr. Bomanjee was born in 1830 and educated at St. Xavier's College. He entered his father's firm in 1878 and has been prominently connected with the commercial life of Bombay ever since. He is not merely the principal millowner in western India, but a leading authority on finance and banking. In 1899 the government appointed him member of the Bombay Legislative Council, and he has acted over ten years as a director of the Bank of Bombay.

A Guess at Long Range.

"Why did Diogenes carry a tub around with him?" asked the studious youth.

"I don't know," answered the young man who was trimming the fringe off his cuffs. "Maybe the laundries were as destructive

HEALTH NOTES FOR JUNE.



PERU-NA
FOR
SPRING CATARRH.
LASSITUDE.
SLEEPLESSNESS.
IRRITABILITY.
SPRING FEVER.
FATIGUE.
SKIN ERUPTIONS.
NERVOUSNESS.
LOSS OF APETITE.

Spring Catarrh is a well defined Spring disease. The usual symptoms are given above. A bottle of Peru-na taken in time will promptly arrest the course of the disease known as Spring Catarrh.

CLASSIFIED ADS

NOTICE—The following announcements are from leading business men and firms, and are well worth your careful reading. The list may contain just the proposition you are looking for.

REAL ESTATE
EAST GREENWICHES.
The only tracts on the market where you can contract to sell your crop. Ten tracts a day. Abundance of water. Price \$150.00 per acre—easy payments—come in or write for particulars.
BEECHER & THOMPSON.
Spokane, Wash. 110 Stevens.

When you **BUILD or REPAIR** send for our catalog We undersell all others
AINSLIE-BOYD CO.
The mail order Cash and Door House
6th Ave and Pine St.
SEATTLE

FREE
A little souvenir containing 20 views of
SEATTLE
Your name and address on a postal will bring it.
LEWIS-LITTLEFIELD CO.
Haller Building SEATTLE

GOLDEN WEST
• COFFEE
• TEA SPICES
• BAKING POWDER
• EXTRACTS
• JUST RIGHT
• CLOSET & DEVER'S
• PORTLAND, ORE.

Lighting, Cooking and Heating by Gas for Suburban and Country Buildings. Parrott's latest improved
GAS MACHINE
Write for descriptive printed matter or call at
The NEW PARROTT MFG. CO.
825 Pike St., Seattle, U. S. A.

HOWARD E. BURTON. Assayer and Chemist. Leadville, Colorado. Specimen Prices: Gold, Silver, Lead, \$1.00; Gold, Silver, Tin, \$2.00; Zinc or Copper, \$1.00; Cyanide Tests, Mailing Envelopes and full price list sent on application. Control and Empire Work collected. Refractory: Carbonate National Bank.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



- 1486—Lambert Simnel, pretender to the English throne, crowned at Dublin.
1494—Columbus discovered Jamaica.
1524—Chevalier Bayard killed while defending the passage of the Sesia.
1679—Archbishop Sharp assassinated.
1689—Battle of Bantry Bay, between French and English.
1745—Battle of Fontenoy.
1756—Alliance of Versailles.
1758—Richard Vaughan hanged for forging Bank of England notes.
1798—Navy Department of the United States established by act of Congress.
1808—Charles IV. of Spain abdicated in favor of Bonaparte.
1826—Pedro IV. of Portugal abdicated.
1835—First issue of the New York Herald. . . . Amos Kendall of Kentucky became Postmaster General of the United States.
1841—London Library, founded by Thomas Carlyle and others, formally opened.
1845—More than 100 lives lost by collapse of suspension bridge at Yarmouth, England.
1849—Roman Republicans repulsed the French.
1859—Jerome K. Jerome, English author, born.
1878—First elevated trains run in New York City.
1882—Frederick C. Cavendish, chief secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and T. H. Burke, under secretary, assassinated in Phoenix Park, Dublin.
1887—Remains of Rossini reinterred in Santa Croce, Florence.
1888—Lord Stanley appointed governor general of Canada.
1889—French Universal Exhibition opened in Paris.
1890—Insane asylum at Longue Pointe, Quebec, burned with loss of 100 lives.
1891—Rev. Phillips Brooks elected Protestant Episcopal bishop of Massachusetts.
1892—Ferdinand Ward's term at Sing Sing prison expired. . . . Deeming the wholesale murderer, convicted at Melbourne, Australia.
1895—Dowager Duchess of Marlborough and Lord William Beresford married in London.
1897—Trinity church, New York, celebrated its bi-centennial jubilee. . . . Congress of the Universal Postal Union opened at Washington, D. C.
1901—Glasgow International Exhibition opened.
1903—Dedication of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis.
1904—British, under Col. Younghusband, defeated Tibetans near Karo Pass.
1906—M. Witte resigned the Russian premiership.

HELPING COTTON PLANTERS.

How the Government Is Coming to the Rescue of a Great Industry.
"At one time it was thought the whole important Sea Island cotton industry would be swept away by a disease," says Secretary of Agriculture Wilson. "The department's experts entered the field, developing a disease-resistance cotton by breeding and selection, and re-establishing the industry. In all the South where the boll weevil is now working the department is striving to secure varieties that will be so early as to produce crops despite the weevil. We are succeeding in this and are distributing new types of cotton superior to those already in existence, and which will mature ahead of the weevil."
"One of the greatest lines of propaganda work the department is carrying on is in the South, in connection with the cotton weevil. When the weevil invaded the country the cotton growers were discouraged, and it was necessary to rally them. This was done by extensive systems of demonstration work. The farmer is shown how to grow cotton despite the weevil, how to rotate his crops, how to improve his land, and how to surround his home with better conditions generally. Last year the department was working along this line with more than 100,000 farmers in the States of Texas and Louisiana alone, and this year the number will be increased."
"These farmers are being taught how to maintain the fertility of the land by the use of legumes, to grow corn, to keep animals, and at the same time produce cotton. We are endeavoring to show them that they can produce just as much cotton on half the land now in use, devoting the other half to crops which will bring them ready money, and which will not deplete the soil."

Train With New Field Gun.
Dispatches from Berlin state that the German government has ordered 244,000 men of the army reserve and territorial army to join the colors for a fortnight's service, to receive training with the new field gun and modified rifle, with improved ammunition. The number of men summoned for duty is \$5,000 more than were called out for training in 1908. The military authorities are displaying unusual activity in other directions. Military maneuvers on the largest scale, involving formations as well as troops, are being prepared.

The Song of the Hair

There are four verses. Verse 1. Ayer's Hair Vigor stops falling hair. Verse 2. Ayer's Hair Vigor makes the hair grow. Verse 3. Ayer's Hair Vigor cures dandruff. Verse 4. Ayer's Hair Vigor makes the scalp healthy, and keeps it so. It is a regular hair-food; this is the real secret of its wonderful success.

The best kind of a testimonial—
"Sold for over sixty years."

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also Manufactured by
SARSAPARILLA.
PILLS.
CHERRY PECTORAL.

BLIND MEN BUILD A HOUSE.

Able to Work in Egyptian Darkness as Well as Noonday.
Two totally blind men have built a house for themselves at Berkeley, Cal., doing all the carpenter work themselves without any assistance whatever. It is a coincidence that both these men are named Joseph—Joseph Brown and Joseph Martinez. The house is of the popular bungalow type, one and a half stories high and constructed entirely of wood. It is eighteen feet wide by twenty-five feet long.
As the builders are sightless, the work necessarily progressed slowly. From early morning until frequently long after sunset the two men toiled patiently at their task. The shades of night did not hinder the work, for moonlight and starlight are equally dark to them and out of the blackness came the hammer to passersby, who heard but saw no workmen.

From day to day the work was curiously watched by crowds, including many carpenters. The general work is pronounced as good as that performed by many builders who are blessed with perfect eyesight.
Brown and Martinez were not blind from their birth, but were deprived of their sight many years ago. They were door to door peddlers for many years and managed in the course of time to accumulate snug sums of money that were wisely deposited in banks. At the time of the great fire in San Francisco these men lost everything save their little bank accounts.
Recently they pooled their holdings, purchased a small lot in Berkeley and some lumber. They then set to work resolutely and built themselves a house.

FITS St. Vitus' Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE TRIAL BOTTLE and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 1512 Arch St., Philadelphia.

Banana Salad.
Have the bananas very cold. Cut them into small pieces and mix with a dressing made of two teaspoonsful of salad oil, one teaspoonful of lemon juice and a quarter of a teaspoonful each of salt and white pepper. Fill the banana skins and set over lettuce leaves. Sprinkle a few halves of English walnuts and a little chopped parsley over the top of the salad and serve immediately.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Cream of Corn Soup.
Simmer one can of corn in three cups of water for an hour. Then press through a sieve. Thicken three cups of scalded milk with one tablespoonful each of butter and flour, add it to the corn pulp and season to taste, with salt and pepper. Let it get very hot, stir in half a cupful of cream, remove from the fire and add a beaten egg just before serving. If the cream is whipped it is more delicate.

Taproot and Banana Sponge.
Sprinkle half a cup of taproot and two-thirds of a cup of sugar into one pint of boiling water, add half a teaspoonful of salt, and cook in a double boiler, stirring occasionally. When the taproot is transparent add the juice of two lemons and the whites of two eggs, beaten until stiff. Spread over sliced bananas and serve with cream and sugar, or with a cold-baked custard previously made. This dish may be made with the juice of the fruit instead of water.

Mica Axle Grease

Best lubricant for axles in the world—long wearing and very adhesive.
Makes a heavy load draw like a light one. Saves half the wear on wagon and team, and increases the earning capacity of your outfit.
Ask your dealer for Mica Axle Grease.



RELIGIOUS

A Century Since Morrison.

A hundred years ago the son of an English lastmaker set forth from England by way of America to make his home in China.

"What can you do alone in that great nation?" asked the captain of the ship on which he sailed.

"Nothing alone," was his reply, "but with God I can do all things."

Before he died he stood before kings; and in this centennial year of his beginnings China rises up to honor his memory.

Robert Morrison was born at Morpeth in Northumberland Jan. 5, 1782. Apprenticed to his father as a maker of lasts, he spent his spare time in study, working with his book open before him, and reading far into the night.

Uniting with the Scotch church at the age of 15, he manifested an earnest desire to make his life of use in helping men, and soon determined to enter the ministry. While pursuing his studies to this end, he determined to go to China. Not without some estimate of the difficulty, nor yet without such preparation as was possible did he undertake this work. For two years he studied Chinese under a native teacher in England; and several hours a day he spent in the British Museum copying Chinese manuscripts.

He was ordained, and sailed for China Jan. 31, 1807; but the Chinese being hostile to the English on account of the opium trade, he made the journey by way of New York. James Madison, afterward President, was then Secretary of State, and gave him letters to the American consul at Canton which were of great advantage to him.

To tell of his trials would make a long story. He was hindered by poor health, by Chinese hatred of England, by lack of support, by direct opposition, by obstacles that were all but insuperable. That he was able to do anything was little less than a miracle.

Arriving in Canton Sept. 7, he made his first home in the basement of an American factory, but later, finding it unwholesome, secured more sanitary quarters. Just as he was established, a Chinese law was passed making it illegal to print Christian books or preach the gospel. A man of less resolute purpose would have returned home. But he secured employment as translator for the East India Company, and held his position to the day of his death, a period of twenty-five years, giving his business hours to the work for which he was paid, and meantime compiling a dictionary and translating the Gospels, and waiting for the time, sure to come, when his work would have an open door.

Suffering from incessant study and overwork, and compelled at times to stop and rest, he nevertheless achieved the purpose of his labor; and in 1810 he printed the first portion of the Bible, a translation of the book of Acts, which he followed two years later with the Gospel of Luke. In another two years the whole of the New Testament was ready. And such was the influence of Morrison by this time with his employers that the East India Company advanced large sums of money then and later, and furnished him with a press and a printer; so that even the hindrance that compelled him to enter commercial life became a help.

In 1821, with the aid of Dr. Milne, he published the entire Bible, the Old Testament forming, in the Chinese character, twenty-one volumes. And the Chinese dictionary, published not long afterward, cost seventy-five thousand dollars, which was advanced by the East India Company.

Mr. Morrison returned to England to receive the highest honors that the universities could bestow. Learned societies elected him to membership. Great statesmen showed him honor. King George IV. gave him eager audience. The world learned his name and honored it.

What had this man done, alone with God in that great nation? He had won the respect of the people among whom he labored, broken down deep prejudices and become their friend. He had secured the confidence of great business interests, and enlisted their support in large spiritual concerns. He had paved the way for a coming civilization, and had given to a nation the Word of God.—Youth's Companion.

The Double Blessing.
The truly Christian life takes as its motto: "As we have opportunity, let us do good unto all men." It finds, it contrives to make such opportunities, and, in helping others, the follower of Christ is helped himself. For Christian service is twice blessed; any deed of love you render will not only benefit him you seek to aid, but it will prove a blessing to yourself. You will not be thinking of recompense, but Jesus will see to it that if you give even a cup of cold water in His name to a thirsty soul, it shall not be left without reward.—C. A. Salmond.

Our Best for God.
It is not wise for a man to waste too much time comparing his several performances. There will naturally be some better than others; but the inferior work is not always a proof of carelessness, or even a sign of deterioration, but simply one of the many incidents common to our earth and our humanity.

The Lord of Life, whose verdict

alone is final, never fails to consider the circumstances; and in the great judgment it may appear that some magnificent deeds fell short of being the best; and some very inferior performances were in deed and truth the very best possible to the agent at the time. Let us not fret if the day finds our strength weaker or our hand less skillful, but simply try each day in the fear of God to do the best we can with the strength and the tools that the day has brought, only careful of this, that we never offer our God or our race indifferent or half-hearted work.

Blessings All.

O Thou whose bounty fills my cup
With every blessing meet,
I give Thee thanks for every drop—
The bitter and the sweet.

I praise Thee for the desert road,
And for the river side;
For all Thy goodness hath bestowed,
And all Thy grace denied.

I thank Thee for both smile and frown,
And for the gain and loss;
I praise Thee for the future crown,
And for the present cross.

I thank Thee for the wing of love,
Which stirred my worldly nest,
And for the stormy clouds that drove
The flutterer to Thy breast.

I bless Thee for the glad increase,
And for the waning joy,
And for this strange, this settled peace,
Which nothing can destroy.

—J. C. Crawford.

The Trust that Brings Peace.
It is said of Abraham that "he believed in the Lord, and He counted it to him for righteousness." The Hebrew word for believed is very strong. It means that Abraham reposed on God's Word of promise as a child nestles in a mother's arms. That is what faith in God should always be—a lying down in God's bosom, resting in Him in deep confidence. Have we sorrow? He will give us strength for the overcoming of all. Trusting in Him, we have peace—true peace.—Rev. J. M. Snowdon.

His Day of Rest.
A dear sweet Sabbath, Lord, with Thee;
The fretting care, the striving toil,
We lay aside and hide away
Among the folds of yesterday.
The future, full of untold plans,
We leave in Thy safe guiding hands.
Our happiness, our hopes and fears,
Our sorrows and our unshed tears,
Are all with Thee—and so we rest
Content and blest.

—Mrs. C. S. Bruyere.

HE WAS NOT SUPERSTITIOUS.
But When He Dreamed a Murder Twice He Became Demoralized.
Looking for a man who has not at least a grain or two of superstition in his make-up is like looking for a needle in a haystack, was given as the opinion of a man who declared that this peculiar element was present in a more or less degree with every person in existence. He made this remark in a small company which was enjoying a discussion of uncolored fears, occult agencies, and all that sort of thing.

He based his assertion upon an incident that, he said, happened only a week or so ago. "I was visiting an old friend in a near-by city at the time the occurrence of which I speak came to my notice," he said. "My friend is a very level-headed sort of an individual, but sometimes rather irascible, and has, in the course of his career, made some bitter enemies. His chief boast has always been that there is nothing superstitious about him. He would rather walk under a ladder on a sidewalk than go around it. If he spilled salt on the tablecloth he would laugh to scorn any one who would suggest throwing a pinch of it over his left shoulder, and would rather begin a new enterprise on Friday than on any other day of the week, just to show people that he is not superstitious."

"Early in the morning of the second day I was at his house I was awakened by a loud knocking at my door, and when I opened it was surprised to find my friend there. He was pale and haggard, and looked as if something terrible had happened. Of course, I asked for an explanation, and he gave it to me."

"I have not had a wink of sleep for three hours," he said, "and all on account of two dreams that I have had succession. I dreamed that I had an altercation with a business rival with whom I must say I am not on good terms, and that I struck him a blow which killed him. The horror of the thing awakened me, and when I dropped off to sleep again I again had the same awful dream."

"In addition, he assured me that he did not dare to close his eyes again for fear of its repetition a third time, and if that happened he knew he would do something desperate. Perhaps, he said, he might commit murder."

"I tried to laugh all this away and reminded him that to have an idea of that sort was the rankest kind of superstition, something that he had always ridiculed; but I couldn't reason with him, and I kept him company until the breakfast bell rang."

"I tell of this fact," the gentleman said to the company, "in support of my belief that there is no man who has not some superstition about him, and it crops out in various ways, as it did in the case I have just related."—Washington Post.

Struck Oil.
"Although it may be wicked," remarked Aladdin, as he rubbed the lamp, "I still feel as if I had struck oil."

And immediately the genie appeared.

—Toledo Blade.

Falling in love doesn't lower an agnostic's opinion of himself.

CONTAGIOUS BLOOD POISON NO LIMIT TO ITS POWERS FOR EVIL

Contagious Blood Poison has brought more suffering, misery and humiliation into the world than all other diseases combined; there is hardly any limit to its powers for evil. It is the blackest and vilest of all disorders, wrecking the lives of those unfortunate enough to contract it and often being transmitted to innocent offspring, a blighting legacy of suffering and shame. So highly contagious is the trouble that innocent persons may contract it by using the same table ware, toilet articles or clothing of one in whose blood the treacherous virus has taken root. Not only is it a powerful poison but a very deceptive one. Only those who have learned by bitter experience know by the little sore or ulcer, which usually makes its appearance first, of the suffering which is to follow. It comes in the form of ulcerated mouth and throat, unsightly copper colored spots, swollen glands in the groin, falling hair, offensive sores and ulcers on the body, and in severe cases the finger nails drop off, the bones become diseased, the nervous system is shattered and the sufferer becomes an object of pity to his fellow man. Especially is the treacherous nature of Contagious Blood Poison, shown when the infected person endeavors to combat the poison with mercury and potash. These minerals will drive away all outward symptoms of the troubles for a while, and the victim is deceived into the belief that he is cured. When, however, the treatment is left off he finds that the poison has only been driven deeper into the blood and the disease reappears, and usually in worse form because these strong minerals have not only failed to remove the virus from the blood but have weakened the entire system because of their destructive action. S. S. S. is the only real and certain cure for Contagious Blood Poison. It is made of a combination of healing blood-purifying roots, herbs and barks, the best in Nature's great laboratory of forest and field. We offer a reward of \$1,000 for proof that S. S. S. contains a particle of mineral in any form. S. S. S. goes down to the very bottom of the trouble and by cleansing the blood of every particle of the virus and adding rich, healthful qualities to this vital fluid, forever cures this powerful disorder. So thoroughly does S. S. S. cleanse the circulation that no signs of the disease are ever seen again, and offspring is protected.

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We suppose there never was a married woman who did not say to some one at some time that if it wasn't for the children she would leave him.

When a man has taken the Keeley cure, or a woman has been married twice, they do not care to talk about it.

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THE FUTURE OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

An editorial in the June number of the Van Norden Magazine supplies food for thought and recalls once more the prophecy of William H. Seward: "Henceforth Euro-
pean commerce, European politics, European thought and European connections, although actually becoming more intimate, will, never-
theless, sink in importance; while the Pacific Ocean, its shores, its islands, and the vast region beyond the chief theatre in the world's great hereafter." The editorial referred to is in part as follows:

The Far East has become the West and is waking up. Japan is already awake. A white nation has gone down in defeat after declaring an unrighteous war. It was justice that the Japanese should win, but it was a calamity to the white race that a test of strength should ever be made. It is none the less a calamity because it fell to a weak nation of whites to make the test, for the Asiatic mind considers only the fact that the van-
quished nation is of the white race. The victory has been followed by no visible demonstration of impor-
tance, but every Asiatic heart beats quicker with the knowledge that a white nation has been overthrown.

Japan has been educated enough to recognize the value of peaceful intercourse with other nations, regardless of color. The nation is not necessarily a menace. But in India there are 200,000,000 British among the population of 300,000,000. These hundreds of millions do not love the British army, and are held in check by force alone. In China there are 200,000,000 more of people who hate the whites. Under the leadership of skilled generals the Asiatics could close the continent to the whites. It is doubtful whether they will attempt to cross the ocean in a career of conquest, but anything else is possible now that they are waking.

The nations of Europe have dealt with Asia in a manner that has not been conducive to good-fellowship. The United States alone can come to those millions of awakening people as a friend without suspicion. America wants no conquests in Asia but the conquests of trade. It is fortunate that America and Asia do not compete in the main products of commerce, and therefore this commerce can be carried on without jealousy. Europe at present consumes far more than Asia of our products because the individuals in Europe being awake, have more wants. The awakening of Asia will make the individuals there demand more, and owing to the enormous number of these a little demand from each will produce a tremendous total. The Pacific Ocean is therefore destined to be commercially more important than the Atlantic. It is not too soon to lay the foundations for the trade which we hope to secure in that quarter.

Will you be at the Chamber of Commerce meeting, tonight?

The report has been current that the crew on the ill-fated Japan, that was blown to atoms, Wednesday of last week, were in an intoxicated condition when they left port. If so, it is no wonder that the accident occurred with its awful results. The Sentinel is not going to preach a temperance lecture; but it is going to undertake to say that too often men having charge of craft leave port when they could not see a line on the chart nor tell a safety-valve from a cylinder head, and the only wonder is that accidents are as few as they are. If sea-going men feel like having a "good time," they should go ashore and have it; but the navigation laws should not permit the placing in jeopardy the lives of people through the carelessness of a drunk sailor or deck-hand.

This is great year for tourists—Eastern and Western people who are making the trip through Alaska just to see the grand sights furnished by Nature in this country of snow capped peaks, of peaceful valleys, of rumbling glaciers, of gigantic forests and great inland waterways. Thousands have made the trip already this season; thousands are yet to come, and when the summer shall have closed the word will have gone all over this continent: "Great is Alaska!"

Seattle has a transfer company, one of those concerns that every person that has gone to the Sound city in late years has bumped up against, whether he had a hand grip or a dry goods outfit. This company have become so brazen that at last it got more than the "Seattle Spirit" could endure, and the said t. c. have been asked to be a trifle just. The city should have found this out long ago, as many an Alaskan could have informed them.

The official flag of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition has been selected. The color scheme is red, white and blue. Five stars on a blue field stand for the United States, Russia, France, England and Spain, the five countries which first explored the territory included in the scope of the exposition. Mrs. Henry E. Reed, wife of Director of Exposition Reed, designed the flag. Mrs. Reed also designed the official flag of the Lewis and Clark exposition.

Here's some Missouri law: A man bought 200 cigars, insured them for their full value, smoked them up and then sued the insurance company, claiming they had been destroyed by fire. He got a verdict. Then the insurance company had the man arrested for setting fire to his own property and the same judge ordered him to pay a fine and go to jail for three months.

And as yet the war between the United States and Japan amounts to nothing but "hot air." About the only effect the reports have had according to the P. I. Washington correspondent, is to cause a coldness between the President and Secretary Metcalf, because the latter let out sacred news regarding warships coming to the Pacific Coast.

And the mania has broken out among the monied guys in Alaska. A few days ago the Gugenheims and Brunes had a regular pitched battle over the right-of-way for two competing lines of railroad, out on Prince Williams Sound. Of course the four men killed didn't count—they were just "hired men" that was all.

Sentinel believes that the business interests of Wrangell are nearer united today, than ever before. This is as it should be. Throw all jealousies aside, pull together and watch New Wrangell grow.

John D. has been found. The dispatches didn't state where; but it is safe to say he was out looking up the prospect for lifting the price of oil a notch or two.

During the last eight years politics and a crooked comptroller cost the city of Seattle the neat sum of \$60,000.

In one of the most scathing tongue-lashings ever received by any man, Judge Dunne recently sentenced Eugene Schmits, mayor of San Francisco, to five years in the penitentiary. Schmits posed as a strictly honest man, was proven a boddler, and this is his reward.

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